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KING HENRY VIII.

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VZ.

330.

Act 2.

KING HENRY VIII.

Scene 3.



M^{rs} BARNES in ANNE BULLEN.

*Beseech your Lordship
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, & my Obedience.*

London Printed for John Bell at the British Library Strand 24th June 1786.

London Printed for John Bell at the British Library Strand 24th June 1786.



KING HENRY. VIII.

Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness

Act 3.

Scene 2.

P. Le Louthembourg del.

Delattre sculp.

Bell's Edition.

HENRY VIII.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

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M DCC LXXXVI.

Third Edition.

H E N R Y

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rent the stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him sport her wondrous reign,
And passing Time rolled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding Truth confessed,
And universal Passion stamped the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, Stationer-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

HENRY VIII.

WE are unacquainted with any dramatic piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry. "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stow, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

The

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian. JOHNSON.

P R O L O G U E.

I Come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree, 10
 The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is (beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring 20
 To make that only true we now intend),
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye : Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living ; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat

B

Of

*Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery !*

30

*And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Eighth.

Cardinal WOLSEY. Cardinal CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of NORFOLK. Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Duke of SUFFOLK. Earl of SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain. Sir THOMAS AUDLEY, Lord-Keeper.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of LINCOLN. Lord ABERGAVENNY. Lord SANDS.

Sir HENRY GUILDFORD. Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Sir ANTHONY DENNY. Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.

Sir WILLIAM SANDS.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usber to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor BUTTS, Physician to the King.

GARTER, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Serjeant at Arms.

Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

WOMEN.

Queen KATHARINE.

ANNE BULLEN.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen ; Spirits, which appear to her.

Scribes, Officers. Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster ; once at Kimbolton.



HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Antichamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one Door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace :
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back ;

Bij

Beheld

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
'Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day 21
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour 30
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform 40
Beyond

Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :
For, being not propt by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way), nor call'd upon

For high feats done to the crown ; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like, 71
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : Whence has he
that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ; 80
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out, 90
Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But

But minister communication of
A most poor issue ? 100

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboated
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ; 110
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd ?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace, 120
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together : to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power : You know his nature,

That

That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend, 131
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
 rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the Purse borne before him,
 certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers.
 The Cardinal in his Passage fixeth his Eye on BUCK-
 INGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of
 Disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
 Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
 ingham 140

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal, and his Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks

Matter

Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd 150
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick : He's gone to the
king ;

I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself, 160
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : We may out-run,
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not, 170
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along

By

By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but 180
From sincere motions) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't; his mind and place 190
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd, 200
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our court cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,

Under

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt 210
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course, 219
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Serjeant at Arms before him, and
 two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it. 230

Serj. Sir,
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I

Arrest

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on 240
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[To ABERG.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further. 250

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux. 260

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran.

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber. Cornet. Enter King HENRY, leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir THOMAS LOVEL. The Cardinal places himself under the King's Feet, on his right Side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks 270
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A Noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

C

King.

King. Arise, and take your place by us :—Half your
suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will, and take it. 280

Queen. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance : There have been commis-
sions 289

Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties :—wherein, although,

[To WOLSEY.

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil !) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear : for, upon these taxations, 300
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off

The

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
 And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us, 310
 Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
 I know but of a single part, in aught
 Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others: but you frame
 Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-
 some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions, 320
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
 They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
 The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd 330
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France : This makes bold
mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for 341
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice ; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be 350
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not

Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft, 360
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent 370
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission : Pray, look to't ;
 I put it to your care. 380

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-
 mons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many : 390
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find 400
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected 410
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, It was usual with him, every day

It

It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note 420
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ? 430

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Pountney, did of me demand 440
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I reply'd,

Men

Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke
 Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment: 450
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke), shall prosper: bid him strive
For the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.—

Queen. If I know you well, 459
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
 The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dan-
 g'rous for him
 To ruminate on this so far, until 470
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
 It

It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage : adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say fur-
ther?

Surv. I can my liege.

King. Proceed. 480

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard : who, being at Salisbury, 490
Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in free-
dom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv.

Surv. After — the duke his father, — with — the
knife— 499

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night, 510
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain,
and Lord SANDS.*

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good, our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For,

For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
 Their very noses had been counsellors 521
 To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
 would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin
 And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
 That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How
 now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Lov. Faith, my lord, 530
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation
 That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
 monsieurs
 To think an English courtier may be wise,
 And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
 (For so run the conditions) leave these remnants 540
 Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
 With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fire-works;
 Abusing

Abusing better men than they can be,
 Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
 And understand again like honest men;
 Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away 550
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're
 going 560

(For, sure, there's no converting of 'em); now
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
 Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas, 570
 Whither were you a going?

Lov.

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-
deed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where. 580

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in
him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Tho-
mas,

We shall be late else ; which I would not be, 590
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to York-Place. Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one Door; at another Door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em : By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these ! 610

Sands. I would, I were;

They

They should find easy penance.

Low. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

His grace is entring.—Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—

My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies. 620

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies: [Sits.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too: But he would bite none; just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen, 630

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,

Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, and takes his State.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,

Dij

Or

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, 640
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands. 650

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and Trumpets, Chambers discharg'd.*

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice ?
And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd. 660

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;

For

For so they seem : they have left their barge, and
landed ;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French
tongue ;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty 669
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[*All arise, and Tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited
like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute
him.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, 679
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

D i i j

They

They have done my poor house grace, for which I
pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Chuse Ladies for the Dance. King, and ANNE BULLEN.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty!
'Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance.

Wol. My lord—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me: 690

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the Company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,

There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.— 700

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll
make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither : What fair lady's that ? 710

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,

[To ANNE BULLEN.

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace, 720
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it. 730

[Exeunt, with Trumpets.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gentleman.

WHITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. 20
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;

Sir

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Court,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies ? 30

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to the bar—to
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely, 41
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this. 50

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,

Earl

Earl Surrey was sent hither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours, 60
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and doat on; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his Arraignment (Tipstaves
before him, the Axe with the Edge toward him; Hal-
berds on each Side), accompanied with Sir THOMAS
LOVEL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM
SANDS, and common People, &c.*

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him. 70

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet heaven bear wit-
ness,

And,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
 The law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
 But those, that sought it, I could wish more Chris-
 tians : 80

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd
 me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying, 90
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's
 name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
 There cannot be those numberless offences 100
 'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with : no black
 envy

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument ! 110

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable, 120
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !

Henry

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying 130
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service! 141
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:—
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make
 friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake you; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me. 151
 Farewel:
 And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive
 me! [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 160
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation 170
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gen.* Yes; but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord-mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, 180
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,

For

For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you have hit the mark: But is't
not cruel, 190

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

My lord—The horses your lordship sent for, with all
the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.
They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in
the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power,
took 'em from me; with this reason—His master would
be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king: which
stopp'd our mouths, sir. 203

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

E i j

Cham.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles. 210

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. This king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself
else. 220

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great ne-
phew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre; 230

Of her, that loves him with that excellence

That

That angels love good men with ; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

Chamb. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks
'em,

And every true heart weeps for't : All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon 240
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed : 250
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;

And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him :—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

260

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

A Door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted;

King. Who's there? ha!

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha!

270

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold:

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS with a Commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O my

Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome, 280

[To CAMPEIUS.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;

Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker. [To WOLSEY.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour

Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [To NORF. and SUF.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place:

But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. *Exeunt NORF. and SUF.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if he have any goodness, 300

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-

ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for. 310

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that 320
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my
favour
To him, that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

CARDINAL goes out, and re-enters with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to
you;
You are the king's now.

Gard.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

331

[*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, 341
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons. 350

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,

Would

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*An Anti-Chamber of the Queen's Apartments. Enter ANNE
BULLEN, and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches : 359
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper 370
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's stranger now again.

Anne.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily, 380
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy: 391
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth—

Old L. Yes, troth and troth—You would not be a
queen? 400

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L.

Old. L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;
 I would not be a young count in your way,
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back
 Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak 410
 Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
 I swear again, I would not be a queen
 For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
 You'd venture an emballing: I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
 here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth,
 to know
 The secret of your conference? 420

Anne. My good lord,
 Not your demand; it values not your asking:
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women: there is hope,
 All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Chamb. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
 blessings
 Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
 Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's 430
 Ta'en

Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds,

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes 440
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well:
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [Aside.
That they have caught the king: And who knows
yet, 450

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,

For any suit of pounds : and you, O fate !
A very fresh fish here (fye, fye upon 460
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Ægypt :—Have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-
broke ! 470

A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;
No other obligation : By my life,
That promises more thousands : Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess ;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me, 480
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence : Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me ? [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the Habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and St. ASAPH; next them, with some small Distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars; after them, Side by Side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes Place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals, sit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes Place, some Distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each Side the Court, in Manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient Order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd; 490
You may then spare that time.

Fij

Wol.

Wol. Be't so :—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come Into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no Answer, rises out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet ; then speaks.]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;
 And to bestow your pity on me : for 500
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions ; having here
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you ? what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable : 510
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He

He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice.
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience, 521
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for 531
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
 humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may 540
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady
 (And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify 550
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal——
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Queen. Sir, 560
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you 570
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not

At

At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom 580
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me
 wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
 The king is present; If it be known to him,
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much 590
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak 600
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and hum-
 ble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart

Is

Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
 Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than 610
 Your high profession spiritual: That again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again. 620

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into
 the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep
 your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
 That man i'the world, who shall report he has 630
 A better

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government—
Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born :
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir, 640
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd), whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't ? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state, 651
Or touch of her good person ?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :
But will you be more justify'd ? you ever 660

Have

Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
 heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating 671
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife? This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, 680
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male-issue

Or

Or died where they were made, or shortly after 690
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say, 700
 I meant to rectify my conscience—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to
 say

How far you satisfy'd me ? 710

Lin. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me—
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread—that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;
 And did entreat your highness to this course,
 Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,

My

My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
 To make this present summons:—Unsolicited 720
 I left no reverend person in this court;
 But, by particular consent, proceeded
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
 For no dislike i'the world against the person
 Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd o'the world. 731

Cam. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court to further day:
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

King. I may perceive,
 These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome. 740
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in Manner as they enter'd.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Queen's Apartments. The Queen and her Women,
as at Work.*

Queen.

TAKE thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with
troubles ;

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave work-
ing.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,*

10

*Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art ;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

G

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now ?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Queen. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men ; their affairs are righteous :

But, All hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness !

Queen. Your graces find me here part of a housewife ;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here ;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner : 'Would, all other women

Could,

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
 My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
 Above a number), if my actions
 Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
 Envy and base opinion set against 'em, 40
 I know my life so even: If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
 Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima—*

Queen. O, good my lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
 picious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank
 you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake; 50
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
 May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
 I am sorry my integrity should breed
 (And service to his majesty and you)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow; 60
 You have too much, good lady: but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference

G ij

Between

Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, 71
His service, and his counsel.—

Queen. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work 80
Among my maids: full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness), good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords, 90
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest),
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel. 100

Queen. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge, 110
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye; 120

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already; 130
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion? 140
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Wol.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim
at. 150

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.— 160
Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[*To her Women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me :—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places, 170
The way of our profession is against it ;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but, to stubborn spirits,

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm ; Pray, think us 180
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-
vants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As your's was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
you ;

Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray,
forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly ; 190
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Anti-Chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter Duke of NORFOLK, Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal 200
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least 210
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue. 220

Nor.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings 230
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; For if 240
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick

After

After his patient's death ; the king already 250
 Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;
 For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
 Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left 260
 To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature, and complete
 In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
 The lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, Amen !

Suf. No, no ; 270
 There be more wasps, that buz about his nose,
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
 Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you,
 The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry, ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord, 280
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess-dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's 290
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal——

Enter WOLSEY, and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king? 300

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is. 310

Wol. Leave me a while.— [Exit CROMWELL.
It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens !—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-
broke !—

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him. 320

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her vir-
tuous,

And well-deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer ; one 331
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

H

Sur.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,

The master cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords; 341
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself. 351

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks 360
Possession of a subject.

Nor.

Nor. It is heaven's will ;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering. 370

[*He takes his Seat ; and whispers* LOVEL,
who goes to WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me !—
Ever God bless your highness !

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-
ventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion, 380

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

H ij

Wol.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well 390
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you. 400

Wol. What should this mean ? [*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this business ! [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went 410
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities : Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;

My

My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing, 420
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power, 430
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty, 440
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken your's.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken :—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;

[Giving him Papers.]

Hij And,

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY; the
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.]*

Wol. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ? 450
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil 460
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory, 470
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Esher house, my lord of Winchester's,
'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty. 481

Suf. Who dare cross 'em ?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it
(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye ? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin ? 490

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master), with his own hand gave me :
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patent : Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol.

Wol. It must be himself then.

500

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :

The heads of all thy brother cardinals

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together),

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !

You sent me deputy for Ireland ;

511

Far from his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer, is most false. The duke by law

Found his deserts : how innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

520

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,

You have as little honesty as honour ;

That I, in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,

Your

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ? 531

And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ; 540
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king : your good-
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life ;—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal. 551

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,
But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand :

But,

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember 560
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops. 570

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude, 580
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp't on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

(By what means got I leave to your own conscience),
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, 590
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom, 600
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal! 610

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;

And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, 620

These many summers in a sea of glory;

But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me; and now has left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;

I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin, 630

More pangs and fears than wars or women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace? 640

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven. 650

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place. 660

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on them!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury. 670

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 680
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee!
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide 690
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,

Must

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me, 700
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. 710
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
 thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell!

I ij

Thou

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And—Pr'ythee, lead me in: 721
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel 730
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Gentleman.

You are well met once again.

2 Gen. So are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow,

This,

This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well : the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds ; 10
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand ?

1 Gen. Yes ; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation. 20

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl marshal : you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, sir ; had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess-dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order, 30
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

And the late marriage made of none effect :
 Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
 Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas, good lady!— 40

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.
 [Hautboys.]

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the Purse and Mace before him.*
4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Arms, and on his Head a gilt Copper Crown.*
6. *Marquis DORSET, bearing a Sceptre of Gold, on his Head a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque Ports; under it, the Queen in her Robe; in her Hair richly adorned with Pearl, crowned. On each Side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Dutchess of NORFOLK, in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
10. *Certain*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*

They pass over the Stage in Order and State.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me. — These I know ;—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorset :

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same ; high steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

50

2 Gen. Heaven bless thee ! [Looking on the Queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy ; so are all, are near her.

60

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;

And,

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great Flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled,
With the mere rankness of their joy. 70

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. That I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so, 80
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks
(Doublets, I think), flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women, 90

That

That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, what follow'd?

3 Gen. At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people: 100

When by the archbishop of Canterbury,

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York-Place, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it York-Place, that's
past: 110

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;

'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 Gen. I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 Gen.

3 *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),
The other, London. 120

2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it
comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him 130
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Kimbolton. Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick, led
between GRIFFITH her Gentleman-Usher, and PA-
TIENCE her Woman.

Grif. How does your grace? 140

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death :
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden : Reach a chair ;—
So—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he
dy'd : 150
If well, he step'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Lei-
cester, 160

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words—*O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last), full of repentance, 170
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence 180
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now ? 191

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one :
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ; 199
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ; 210
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty, 220

K

Now

Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !—
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her :—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,
six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their
Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their
Faces ; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their Hands.
They first congée unto her, then dance ; and, at certain
Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her
Head ; at which, the other four make reverend Courte-
sies ; then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the
same to the other next two, who observe the same Order
in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her
Head : which done, they deliver the same Garland to the
last two, who likewise observe the same Order : at which
(as it were by Inspiration), she makes in her Sleep Signs
of Rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven : and
so in their Dancing they vanish, carrying the Garland
with them. *The Musick continues.*

Kath.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye? 230

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?

They promis'd me eternal happiness ;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall, 240

Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray. 250

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame, and the rest of it I won't

K i j

Knowing,

Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you. 260

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH, and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me? 270

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late:

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How

How does his highness ? 281

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam. 290

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daugh-
ter :—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 300
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband ; let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 310
And something over to remember me by :
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man. 320

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world : tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
My lord.—Griffith, farewel.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;—
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over 329
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Some Part of the Palace. Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Gardiner.

IT's one a'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk. 10

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's the
matter?

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov.

Lov. My lord, I love you ; 20
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily ; that it may find
Good time, and live : but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says 30
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas : You are a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well——
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me——
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two 40
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
well——

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him : The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue ; And who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gard.

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you), I think, I have 51
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they moved,
Have broken with the king ; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
And princely care ; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him), he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board 60
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your ser-
vant. [Exeunt GARDINER, and Page.

*As LOVEL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of
SUFFOLK.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news ? 70

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks

In

In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady! 80

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will 90
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.— [Exit SUFFOLK.]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Denny. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure. 99

King. Bring him to us. [Exit DENNY.]

Lov.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake ;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*LOVEL seemeth to stay.*
Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.

What! — [*Exeunt LOVEL, and DENNY.*

Cran. I am fearful : — Wherefore frowns he thus ?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord ? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty 110
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you : Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall 121
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower : You a brother of
us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness ; 130
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up ;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that 141
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me. 150

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world ?
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their prac-
tices

Must

Must bear the same proportion : and not ever
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries
 The due o' the verdict with it : At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you ? such things have been done.
 You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, 160
 I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me !

King. Be of good cheer ;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see 171
 You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man
 weeps !

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul 181
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,

L

And

And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [within.] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good an-
gels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks 190
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel— 200

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [Exit King.

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before the Council-Chamber. CRANMER, Servants,
Door-Keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gen-
tleman, 209
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, 'till you be call'd
for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So—

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit BUTTS.

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts, 221
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!

Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make
me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience. 230

Enter the King, and Butts, at a Window above.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another? 240

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among 'em

(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon.— 249

Enter

Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper End of the Table on the Left-Hand; a Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Duke of SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, and GARDINER, seat themselves in Order on each Side. CROMWELL at the lower End, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :
Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop ;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in. 261

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-Table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : But we all are men,
In our own natures frail ; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels : out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his law, in filling 270

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-
lains'

(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
'em,

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity 280
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority, 290
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make

Envy,

Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, 300
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more
 moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' plea-
 sure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower; 310
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank
 you,
 You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful: I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition;
 Win straying souls with modesty again, 320
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble, 330
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

340

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do :

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much ;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

350

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord — It stands
agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure

Be

Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gard. What other
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there. 361

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?
Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master. 370

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him ? 380
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,

In

In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church 390
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach : You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure, 401
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
[To CRANMER.

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace——

King.

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
 I had thought, I had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council; but I find none. 410
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man (few of you deserve that title),
 This honest man, wait like a lousy foot-boy
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; 420
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. 430
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
 terbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me:

There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it, 440
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old dutchess of
Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation. 450

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
heart.

The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard. Noise and Tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-Garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping. 461

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep 471

On May-day morning; which will never be:

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir. 479

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me; but, if I spar'd

M

any,

any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do? 489

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! O' my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd.

They

They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 517

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these 529
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

M i j

By

By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads
 Clap round fines, for neglect : You are lazy knaves ;
 And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when 541
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound ;
 They are come already from the christening :
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
 A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
 your head ache. 549

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail ; I'll
 peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord-Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his Marshall's Staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing Bowls for the Christening Gifts ; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchess of NORFOLK, Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
 prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high
 and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth !

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop: 560
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, 570
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, 580
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,

That

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless
her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with
her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing 590
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
ness), 600

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
And,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven. 611

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,

620

Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,

That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—

I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord-mayor,

And your good brethren, I am much beholden;

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,

lords;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,

She will be sick else. This day, no man think 631

He has business at his house; for all shall stay,

This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

*'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry—that's witty !
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we shew'd em : If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.*

10

THE END.



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LANSDOWN. 1 do.	0	1	6		LYTTLETON. 1 do.	0	1	6	
POMFRET. 1 do.	0	1	6		HAMMOND, } 1 do.	0	1	6	
SWIFT. 4 do.	0	6	0		COLLINS, } 1 do.	0	1	6	
CONGREVE. 1 do.	0	1	6		MOORE. 1 do.	0	1	6	
ADDISON. 1 do.	0	1	6		SHENSTONE. 2 do.	0	3	0	
ROWE. 1 do.	0	1	6		MALLET. 1 do.	0	1	6	
WATTS. 7 do.	0	10	6		ARMSTRONG. 1 do.	0	1	6	
PHILIPS, J. } 1 do.	0	1	6		GRAY, } 1 do.	0	1	6	
SMITH } 1 do.	0	1	6		WEST, R. } 1 do.	0	1	6	
PARNELL. 2 do.	0	3	0		AKENSIDE. 2 do.	0	3	0	
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